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# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

76 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

### THE ANTHEM OF THE SEA.

With the sound of many waters rolls the anthem of the sea,  
And its myriad voices mingle in a ceaseless harmony,  
But the measure of its music, and the rhythm of its song,  
Far transcendeth all the knowledge that to sons of men belong.  
Now it plays a merry quickstep on the shingle-bottom bay,  
And it ripples o'er the shallows where the silver minnows play,  
And sweet lullabies to slumber wander o'er the summer seas,  
When the south winds softly linger o'er the dreamy minor keys.  
Now it sounds the solemn measure of a requiem for the dead,  
And the long sweep of the billows, with their muffled thunder tread,  
March beneath the trailing banners of the misty clouds that weep  
O'er the nameless graves unnumbered in the caverns of the deep.  
Then the mighty diapason makes its thunder tones arise  
Till their echoes shake the mountains, and their swelling rends the skies,  
While the wild encore rolls downwards from the hills of many land,  
And the heavens bend low to listen and the forests clap their hands.  
O ye wild tumultuous voices that we cannot understand,  
Nor grasp the wide completeness of a harmony so grand,  
Nature's Hallelujah Chorus! through the cycles of the years  
Rolling ever on to mingle with the music of the spheres.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

## OVERCOMING FAITH.

Yes, billow after billow—see they come  
 Faster and rougher, as yon little boat  
 Nears evermore the haven. Oftentimes  
 It seems to sink and fall adown the wave,  
 As if borne backward by the struggling tide;  
 Yet mounting billow after billow, wave  
 On wave o'erriding, tempest-tossed and shattered,  
 Still, still it nears the haven evermore.  
 "Poor mariner! art thou not sadly weary?"  
 "Nay, brother, rest is sweeter after toil."  
 "Grows not thine eye confused and dim with sight  
 Of nothing but the wintry waters?" "True;  
 But then my pole-star, constant and serene,  
 Above the changing waters, changes not."  
 "But what if clouds as often veil the sky?"  
 "Oh, then an unseen Hand hath ever ta'en  
 The rudder from my feeble hands the while;  
 And I cling to it." "Answer me once more,  
 Mariner; what think'st thou when the waters beat  
 Thy frail boat backward from the longed-for harbor?"  
 "O brother, though innumerable waves  
 Still seem to rise betwixt me and my home,  
*I know that they are numbered*; not one less  
 Should bear me homeward, if I had my will;  
 For One Who knows what tempests are to weather,  
 O'er Whom there broke the wildest billows once,  
*He bids these waters swell.* In His good time  
 The *last* rough wave shall bear me on its bosom,  
 Into the haven of eternal peace.  
 No billows after! They are numbered, brother."  
 "O gentle mariner, steer on, steer on;  
 My tears shall flow for thee, but they are tears  
 In which faith strives with grief, and overcomes."

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 THE SEVENTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The Seventy-second Anniversary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, corner of 53rd Street, on Sunday, May 6, at 11 o'clock A. M. The Annual Sermon will be preached by its pastor, the Rev. HOWARD AGNEW JOHNSTON, D.D., and an abstract of the Annual Report will be read by the Secretary. All the friends of the Society are invited to be present.

The Seventy-second Annual Meeting of the Society will be held in the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street, on Monday, May 7, at 3 o'clock P. M., when the usual business will be transacted and addresses made.



## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

SHIPWRECKED AND DESTITUTE. The usual procession of seamen needing temporary aid has passed through the office during the past fiscal year. Some are sick and are sent to hospitals; some, convalescent, come from hospitals, but are not strong enough for sea service yet. Some need to be sent home and their fare is paid to New Bedford, Bridgeport, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cleveland, one shipwrecked boy to Bermuda, one to Jamaica, and by the combined aid of generous men and this Society a Japanese sailor, after the amputation of a leg, was sent to his home in Japan. Shipwrecked men in the usual numbers were sent to the Sailors' Home, where they got free board for a few days and received a new outfit of clothing. These were from the *Escosesa*, capsized in New York bay, from the *General Whitney*, which lost the captain and eleven men, from the *Ida*, from the *Kanawha*, which foundered at sea, all hands being rescued, from the *John R. Kelley*, from the *S. S. Mayflower*, from the *Napoleon Boughton*, the men of which were found on a life raft, from the *Yale*, whose crew suffered fearfully before they were rescued, from the *Tacoma*, the *Annie R. Kemp*, the *W. Wallace Ward*, the *Ardanhu*, the *B. W. Morse*, the *Sarah E Ward*, the *John H. Tingue*, the *Isaiah Hart*, the *Perokee*.

These shipwrecked crews represent daring, endurance, exposure, pain, loss, patience. It was ours to give them new hope and put them in the way of making their own living.

Destitute seamen who needed time and help to get the evidence required to enable them to enter the Sailors' Sung Harbor were cared for at the Sailors' Home of this Society. Nearly every man thus aided passed the examination and entered the Harbor for the remainder of life.

Many of the men seeking redress for wrongs at the office of the Legal Aid Society (Seamen's Branch), who had not the means to tide them over until redress was legally obtained, were aided by this Society. While details of these cases cannot be given here, many of them were, next to those of shipwrecked men, the most interesting cases aided, satisfying not merely the sentiment of compassion but also the sense of justice.

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THE Naval Y. M. C. A. is advancing. The Secretary of the Navy is to be warmly commended for assigning the senior chaplain, the Rev. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., to special service in connection with it. By him have been issued a number of leaflets telling how the work goes on, giving the constitution of the association, information con-

cerning the temperance league, and concerning the mode of forming a branch. It is a long step in advance that "inquiry should be made by the commanding officer (or some person approved by him) among both officers and enlisted men to ascertain who among the ship's company are members of Christian churches or sympathetic with Christian work," and that, in naming the executive committee of the ship's Y. M. C. A., the suggestion is made that "its members be confessed followers of Christ." Committees are to be appointed on physical, intellectual, social, temperance and religious lines of work. Article II of the constitution says "The purposes of this organization shall be to promote the physical, social, intellectual and spiritual welfare of the men of the United States Navy and Marine Corps; to stimulate, unify and direct Christian feeling in the Navy; to aid the work of chaplains on board ships and at stations to which such officers are attached; and to provide for the proper care of liberty men when on shore."

With a large part of the money in hand for the building of the Y. M. C. A. Branch outside of the gates of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, with plans for building Branches near all Navy Yards, with well organized branch Temperance Leagues on all naval vessels, and with strong committees of the Y. M. C. A. providing material needed for all the lines of work undertaken, it looks as if the chaplains of the Navy were going to have a stronger position than ever and to do a better work. The purpose of combining officers and men in Y. M. C. A. work is to be commended, especially in the one religious meeting of the week, where all alike are subject to the inspection of a Captain who looks at the heart, not to condemn but to cure whatever He may see amiss.

Secretary JOHN D. LONG has deserved the encomiums which have fairly rained on him for his conduct of the affairs of the U. S. Navy, but he may live long enough to look back on his inauguration of the Y. M. C. A. work in the Navy as the most satisfying element in his career.

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AMONG the nine hundred old salts of the Sailors' Snug Harbor there must be a goodly number who can spin a yarn or write a poem worth printing. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE takes the liberty of suggesting that they print a paper of their own—say, the Snug Harbor Monthly—prepared entirely by "home talent" and intended mainly for Harbor circulation. When the fingers are too stiff or rheumatic to use a pen, the tongue can tell a tale to a stenographer, and in this way can be perpetuated experiences of sea life that would fascinate its



readers. The cost of the publication can easily be defrayed by the Trustees, and editors can be found among the inmates who know what to admit to and what to exclude from its pages, under wise rules and restrictions. The teasing desire to print reminiscences is known to exist in the breasts of many seamen, and such a publication would gratify it. It would aid also in brightening lives that are wearing ship for the home run.

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THOUGH the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY is not in common usage a Foreign Missionary Society, and therefore could not have official recognition in the Ecumenical Conference in New York, its Secretary has been unanimously elected by the executive committee of the Conference an honorary delegate with a right to participate in its discussions.

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THERE are sailors and sailors. There is HENRY MACY, of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, who followed the sea for twenty-five years, never used liquor, never chewed tobacco, has not smoked for fifty-three years and very little when he was young. He had his head split open by a falling block, causing many years of suffering; suffered long from inflammatory rheumatism; was cast ashore and rescued in 1867, after much exposure; and now in his old age has steady nerves, a quiet mind, a strong faith, and is waiting hopefully until the Master calls him.

Or take Capt. ALVIN HALL: born in 1822 in Maine, while yet in his teens he took to the sea, was faithful to duty and soon became mate and then master, in forty years was in command of nine vessels; never met with an accident, nor lost a man overboard; never drank a glass of rum; never had a day's work done on the Sabbath; never played a game of cards; always made it as homelike as possible on his ships, treating, feeding and paying well his men, and therefore never found it necessary to put a man in irons. He traded with England, France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Sicily, Ireland, Scotland, Gibraltar, South America, and he made one hundred and forty direct passages between the United States and the West Indies. He often held on board in Cuban ports a divine service, attended largely by seamen from vessels in port, and many got their first religious impressions at his meetings. No wonder he found sailors as a class as good as landmen. Beside the joy of his Christian faith, he has special pleasure in the companionship of his friends, in music and in flowers. Perhaps no shipmaster on the Atlantic coast has made a finer collection of corals and shells or made better shell pictures than his. All this is

brought out by the sketch of Captain JAMES HALL in the February Magazine and our question "can his record be beaten?" Certainly in our next trip to Portland we shall try to shake hands with Capt. ALVIN HALL and beg a sight of his gardens and shells. Can this record be beaten?

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THE Seamen's Branch of the Legal Aid Society in New York is removed from 34 Pike Street to No. 3 State Street. It is now directly over the Shipping Commissioner's office and is easy of access to seamen who have wrongs to be redressed. Its location at 34 Pike Street in a mission building created the impression among ships' officers that a religious society for seamen was stimulating suits against owners and officers for damages. Though this impression had no foundation in the intentions of the mission, nor in the temper and spirit of the attorney, who often advised sailors against suing, it is well to remove it by removing the office to a more suitable place.

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CAPT. MERRILL MILLER, U. S. N., did a graceful thing in writing the following letter to the Secretary of this Society:

*Dear Sir:* On the eve of my detachment from the command of the receiving ship *Vermont*, I desire to express my thanks to your Society for the interest taken in the enlisted men of the Navy who have passed through this ship in the past three years to the number of nineteen thousand five hundred, and for the services of the Rev. Mr. CUTLER since the lamented death of Mr. WOOD. Mr. CUTLER has shown great interest in the men and zeal in doing his utmost for their welfare.

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THE Boston Port and Seamen's Friend Society offers to give legal aid through a competent attorney, and to do so free of expense at the Mariners' House, 11 North Square.

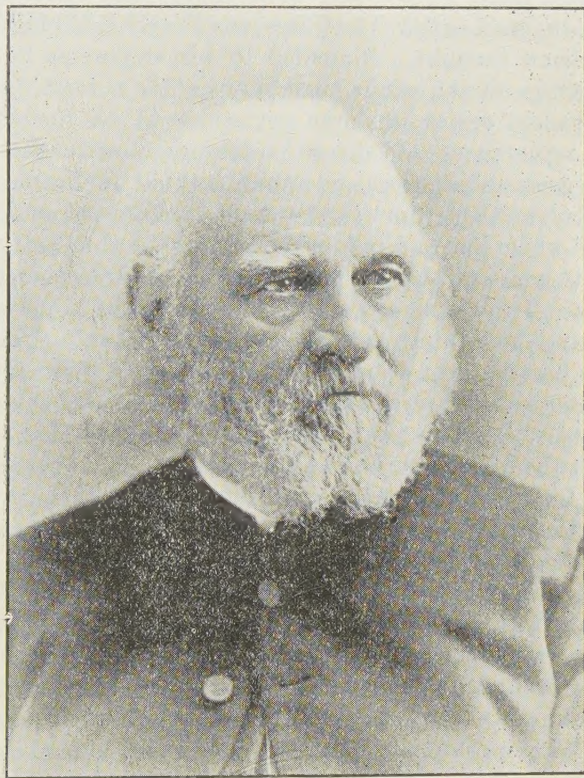
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THE "N. B." at the foot of the invitation card of the N. O. Seamen's Friend Society is significant: "The women who go around the ships collecting money do not represent this Bethel." In every port Bethels or Societies that send agents on vessels to beg money should advertise the fact, and give them credentials that can easily be tested. It is well known that plausible women in many ports obtain money for sailor work that goes no further than their own pockets. As no society is known to this Magazine that sends solicitors to seamen on ships, it would be prudent in them to refuse aid to every unknown applicant. In this connection it may be said that the begging in behalf of the Gospel Yacht Association, which was brought to an end in New York and Newark by the Charity Organization Society of Newark, is now going on in southern ports.



## THE REV. CHARLES J. JONES, D.D.

Dr. JONES was born in Deptford, England, on September 23, 1818, going with his parents to London when a lad of nine or ten. After serving as an errand boy in several shops, he became a newsboy at the Royal Exchange. Called on to pay for a pane of glass which he had accidentally broken, despair of raising the money drove him to the resolution to go to sea. Overcoming the opposition of his parents, he



joined H. M. ship *Pylades* in 1831 as second class boy, for a three-years cruise on the coast of South America. After that he was a sailor before the mast more than ten years, voyaging to various ports. Before he was fourteen he drank to excess and continued to drink whenever liquor fell in his way. Several times he was near death's door, passing through more than the usual vicissitudes of the seafaring life, yet his heart was hardened by the evil courses in which he indulged, his conscience rarely disturbing him with an accusing thought. After a debauch in Water Street, New York, in 1840, another in Savannah and

a third in Liverpool, he sailed for New York in the ship *Harkaway*. On the Saturday before sailing her captain, AUGUSTUS PROAL, said to the crew, "Men, to-morrow is the Sabbath day, and I should be very much pleased to have you all attend church," and followed up the request by an earnest Christian exhortation. In his nine years at sea Capt. PROAL was the first to show interest in the religious welfare of seamen. On the whole voyage he held meetings and strove to bring the men to Christ. In New York he shook off the good impressions received from Capt. PROAL, and went on in vice. Sailing again, in mid ocean the tract called "the Swearer's Prayer," fell in his way and aroused solemn thought. Ridiculed by his shipmates he threw his serious feelings to the winds, and plunged for a fortnight into the worst of sailors' orgies when he got ashore in La Rochelle. After alternate repentances and heart-hardenings, abstentions from evil ways and gross indulgences, he found himself in Boston, in 1841, standing before Capt. JOSHUA BUFFUM, the keeper of the Sailors' Home, to whom he said "I have boarded in rum-holes until my dunnage is gone and my wages all spent in drunkenness and debaucheries. I have thought, therefore, that if I could get here I might escape these things and better my condition." The reply was "You are just the man we want. Walk in, sir." Even after that he spent a week in wild revels, driven on by an insatiable thirst for rum. On January 17 Capt. BUFFUM invited the men in the Home to church, and all left the room with him except JONES. In 1880, when telling the story, Capt BUFFUM writes "Of a sudden impulse, without one serious reflection, I went back and said 'CHARLIE, come along.'" The preacher was the Rev. D. M. LORD, and his message broke the young sailor's heart. At the evening service the letters of converted seamen were read and deepened his convictions. At family worship the next morning he wept convulsively during Capt. BUFFUM's prayer. Wandering aimlessly along the wharves a fellow boarder at the Home accosted him with the words "CHARLIE, what do you say for New Orleans?" Before shipping Capt. BUFFUM heard him resolve again to lead a new life, and gave him the best counsel. On board he gave himself to Christ, saying "O Lord Jesus, I am a great sinner, and if I must perish, as I deserve to perish, let me perish where no man ever did perish, at the foot of the cross, pleading for mercy." That was the turning point into the new life, the new service, the new love.

After suffering the usual persecution from his shipmates and winning the esteem of all for his consistent life and devotion to duty, he reached New Orleans, where he took part in religious services and tract distribution among seamen. Sailing thence to Philadelphia with



two Christian sailors, the three held daily meetings, and one of the crew was converted and one of the officers. On the 23rd of May he and three of his shipmates were received into the Mariners' Church, and were put to work at preaching in the open air and even in the churches of Philadelphia. On June 2 he sailed for Santa Cruz. Three Christian sailors set an example that kept rum and profanity out of the forecandle. On the return voyage he first thought of preaching the gospel and prayed often for light and guidance in regard to it. On his arrival in Philadelphia he learned that his pastor had not only prayed but acted, and had already sought and found the means for his education.

Entering Lafayette College in 1842, he graduated in 1846, and in a class of twenty-three there were but eight above him, a record creditable to the sailor who had made his first acquaintance with arithmetic and grammar in 1841. After vacation labors among the seamen of New London he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, was licensed to preach on April 5, 1848. While in the Seminary his evangelistic zeal led him to establish a prayer meeting in Princeton, out of which grew the Second Presbyterian Church. After travelling over the State of Pennsylvania to collect money for the Pennsylvania Seamen's Friend Society, he married on April 9, 1849, Miss MARTHA BAKER, who died within a few months. His first work was undertaken on May 2, 1849, at St. Louis, among the boatmen of the Mississippi. He was ordained by the presbytery of St. Louis on January 9, 1850, then married again on June 6. On August 29, 1850, a church for boatmen was begun and on March 21, 1852, it was finished. After a ministry of five and a half years in St. Louis, rich in incidents and full of fruit, he left the flourishing church he had built up to accept a call to become pastor of the Mariners' Church in New York, and preached his first sermon there on October 12, 1854. After eight years and a half of toil in that field his health was impaired, and the directors of the New York Port Society gave him in the spring of 1863 a vacation of three months. When preparing to avail himself of it by a trip abroad, he was, without solicitation on his part, called on April 6 to the chaplaincy of the Sailors' Snug Harbor. He took the trip and entered on his new duties in July. Here he remained until April, 1893, a period of thirty years, when he was retired with the title of Chaplain Emeritus, with an annual stipend of \$2,500 during his life.

After every period of service, in St. Louis, New York, at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, the heartiest resolutions were passed by the boards he served, approving his work. Dr. DIX, of Trinity Church, was the writer of the resolutions passed by the trustees of the Sailors' Snug

Harbor, and in them he referred to Dr. JONES's "long and acceptable services, his devotion to his duties, and sympathetic interest in the aged inmates of the Harbor, and his exemplary life during the whole period of his service."

On April 27, 1881, Dr. JONES married Mrs. BROWNLOW, the widow of a naval officer, who was herself a member of the Mariners' Church and a teacher of navigation.

Dr. JONES's pen was a busy adjunct to his pulpit work. He wrote about one hundred and ninety articles for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, he published quite a number of sermons, six tracts issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, several issued by the National Temperance and by the American Tract and AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND Societies, and much else. In 1854 he published "From the Forecastle to the Pulpit," a thrilling narrative of his gospel work among seamen, from which most of the present narrative is drawn.

During his pastorate he wrote six thousand five hundred and eighty-four letters. In one year letters came to him from one hundred and sixty-four points of longitude and latitude on land and sea. More than a thousand were converted during his ministry at the Mariners' Church, two-thirds of whom were sailors, and besides one thousand and seven hundred sermons and addresses he had personal religious conversation with twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty-two seamen, with most of whom he prayed. He made over four thousand visits to ships, boarding houses and families, and distributed thousands of religious books and millions of pages of tracts. He often sent lithographed pastoral letters to his floating parish that sailors might feel the church's heart beating in sympathy for them.

During Dr. JONES's thirty years' service at the Sailors' Snug Harbor he rose between four and five o'clock to study the Bible two hours before breakfast. He expounded the whole Bible, taking the Old Testament in the morning and the New Testament in the afternoon, besides conducting a weekly prayer meeting. In addition to one thousand six hundred and sixty funerals, he preached three sermons a week, two in the church and one in the hospital, altogether over six thousand sermons in addition to his daily exposition of the Bible. In the beginning of his chaplaincy there were three hundred and eighty inmates, and at its close there were about nine hundred. In this field of labor Dr. JONES was permitted to welcome large numbers into the fold of Christ, and his passion for the cure of souls made him the spiritual guide of many old salts into the final harbor of rest.

Even this bare outline of a life's labors is sufficient to show that the life was full of labor and the labor crowned with success. Add Dr.



JONES to the long list of the victories of grace over abandoned seamen, and also to the long catalogue of converted sailors called into the ministry. Read his book, "From the Forecastle to the Pulpit," and wonder at the power of grace over him, and through him over a great multitude of degraded men. It is the book of books to show the power of the cross, the kind of preaching that breaks hearts, and the theology whose truth is indicated by experience. By this book many pulpiteers might well readjust their compasses, correct their reckoning, and sail a truer course for the ministry's objective point. In this book are the penitent sobs of many sailors' hearts, the songs of their joyful faith, and the works that prove the faith to be true. In this book missionaries to seamen who are serving tables in the mere entertainment of seamen may learn that they are doing the least when they might do the most for them. In this book there is such a continuous record of incidents that touch the fount of tears that chaplains who have no such record to make may well have searchings of heart in regard to their motives and methods. In this book chaplains in the Navy may find scenes of revival among naval officers and men that will wring from them the question "Why are they not witnessed now?" In this book are letters from seamen that will stir the sailor-missionary to cry out "Why are not similar letters sent to me?"

Dr. JONES is an old man and is a frequent caller at the office of this Society. He never calls without referring to the grace of God (often with tears) that saved him, and to the wonderful blessing of God on his labors. The secret of his life is that he worked hard to save men because he ever rejoiced in the grace that saved him. That rejoicing was never more distinct than it is now, and therefore his interest in the Mariners' Church and its present work, in the Sailors' Home, whose past record he often refers to, and in the work at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, was never more pronounced than it is now.

Not long hence he will be taken home. He will be welcomed by CHASE, MURPHY, HARRIS, GELSTON, HUBBARD, GARDNER, ELLIOTT, and others of that devoted band who made the New York Port Society a fragrant name among seamen, and by the no less devoted band that filled the Sailors' Home with songs of salvation in the olden days; but what a throng of seamen will welcome him as the teller of the truth that taught them Christ and the way to heaven!

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GRATEFULLY acknowledged: one hundred books from Mr. JOHN . KOLSCHER; package of papers from Mrs. WHEELWRIGHT, of New York; a barrel of papers from an unknown donor, and five boxes of papers and magazines from the Y. P. S. C. E. of Crandell, N. J.;

papers from Mrs. MARY D. HOWELLS, and magazines from Dr. JOHN S. BILLINGS, of New York. Also, some time ago, seventy comfort bags from Mrs. HENRY UPSON, New Preston, Conn.

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IN behalf of the library of the Theological Seminary at Andover Mass., we beg our readers to help its librarian to complete its sets of this Society's Annual Reports and SAILORS' MAGAZINE. It needs the annual report for 1829, 1830, 1838, 1842, 1845, 1847, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1890 to 1896 inclusive.

Of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE it needs Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, of Vol. 7, that is, from September to December, 1834.

Please make a thorough search of libraries and garrets, for it is important that public libraries possess complete sets for the use of those who study the whole career of this Society and its work in behalf of seamen.

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THE Secretary is ready to preach in any church in behalf of this Society, to explain its work to the King's Daughters, to the Society of Christian Endeavor, to Monthly Concerts of Prayer, to Sunday Schools, to parlor meetings. Write to him at No. 76 Wall Street, New York.

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LOAN LIBRARIES. The captain of the schooner *Percy C. Lillie* writes of No. 8,668 that he would be pleased to have it exchanged.

The second mate of the barkentine *Hubert Fuller* writes of No. 10,376 :

We have had one of your libraries on board for fifteen months and it was well read forward as well as aft.

The master of the *White Wings* sends \$2 and writes of No. 10,437 :

It has been on my vessel two trips. I think every book has been read and appreciated by the crews, and thanking you for this chance.

The chief officer of the S. S. *Cherokee* writes of No. 10,520 :

It has been read and enjoyed very much by myself and captain and many of the crew. You don't know what a treasure it is to us all to have so many good books to read; trusting you will continue the good work.

The master of the ship *St. David* writes of No. 10,544 :

Many thanks to you for the library. It was read and appreciated by most all on board, including a passenger, from New York to Hong Kong, and from Hong Kong to New York. A number of the crew made good use of the books, that is, three crews had access to the library from December, 1898, to January, 1900.



The master of the *Muskoka* writes of No. 10,563 :

"The books have been well taken care of and we have read all, and hope we have profited much by reading. Could we have it exchanged? It is a pleasure to have such good reading within reach of us. We would very much like another. With all good wishes for you in your good work.

The master of the ship *J. F. Chapman* writes of No. 10,642 :

"Enclosed please find P. O. order for \$8.25, this amount having been contributed by the crew of this ship lately arrived at this port from New York, via Cape Horn, to the library fund of your Society. I think this goes to show that they appreciated the library. It was mentioned to them and explained that it was entirely optional with them whether they gave anything or not.

#### A FEW TESTIMONIES FROM THE YEAR 1899.

"All the men are anxious to get the books." "I consider the library a great blessing to seamen." "They are read freely." "The library furnishes topics for discussion on shipboard and also authorities for settling discussion." "The library is still in good condition." "We do not know how much good the books do." "I am ready to have it exchanged for a new one." "We consider them a grand collection of books." "I take great pleasure and so do some of the crews in reading them." "It is a fine library." "The crew always have free access to the books." "The reading of the books is looked forward to by us as a great treat." "Every vessel should have one." "I wish to thank the donors in behalf of myself and crew." "For over thirty years I have been supplied with good books from this Society." "I know that souls have been saved through the reading of them." "It has been read with entire satisfaction." "We heartily recommend them to others." "No doubt good reading matter often keeps men on board ship." "I always feel that I have a good friend when one comes on board." "They are always appreciated." "We consider it a good cause and thank the Society." "That the libraries do good I have no doubt as they keep the men's minds otherwise occupied than in concocting idle yarns and mischief." "Has been in good service." "Has given us all a great amount of good reading, for which we seamen are very grateful." "I would be pleased if you would send me a new library." "I take great pleasure in assuring you that the books have been read with much pleasure and profit." "May your good work go on." "I nearly missed getting my new one, but have it all right and am delighted with it." "Again I thank you for your valuable library." "No doubt many a man has been touched by some of the stories." "Please thank the donor for myself and crew for their kindness." "I must say it has been appreciated." "Many idle hours that would have been seemingly long have been made pleasant by reading your books." "It has been read by three crews with evident interest." "My family, officers and crew all enjoy the books." "Many thanks for your excellent books." "On looking over them we feel assured they will be very interesting and instructive." "You have no idea what a power of good these libraries do on shipboard." "I am satisfied that they prevent much sin and refine many of our sailors." "The only fault we could find is that there are not more of them." "We have been helped in various ways through reading them." "It has been found doing good amongst the crew."

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SAILOR.

BY GEO. MAY POWELL.

No occupation in life has been treated in prose or poetry as more romantic than that of the sailor. The restless and imaginative boy wants to be a sailor. To the pensive maiden the sailor is an ideal man. But if there is a life which more than any other verifies the words "Things are not what they seem," it is that of the sailor. Its dangers and hardships are so many and so great that the average of his life-span is only half the years of his brother living on the land. The very nature of his calling makes it the exception rather than the rule that he can have the enjoyments of home and family. His ideal courage and generosity, born of his dangers, hardships and privations, no doubt have much to do with the word-paintings applied to him in song and story.

About three millions of these men ride the waves, and to their bravery and skill, patience and integrity the vast fortunes amassed by commerce are chiefly indebted. The world owes them more than it ever did or ever can repay. All they have received for what they have done for us and for merchant princes to create their fortunes has been, in financial senses, insignificant. The necessities and the luxuries of life they have helped us to enjoy have been almost too great and too many for us to comprehend. At every worldly point of view, fair and honest examination demonstrates we are their debtors on so great a scale that we should be more than willing to find any way we can to make at least some small return. As you sit down to dinner try to think how few of the

good things before you could have been there but for the sailor. Look over your wardrobe and think how his grapple with the tempest on the sea and pestilence in foreign lands has been the price of rich robes, and flashing jewels and bright plumes to set them off. He too has gathered the facts of science from many lands by which the culture of your mind was made possible. Or it may be that the Angel of Death hovers over your home, and the priceless medication that is to decide whether there shall be a vacant chair by your hearth-stone was paid for by the life of the sailor.

But can we do anything for him? Yes. There are organizations of Christian men and women to provide for his bodily safety and comfort when on sea or shore; better still, to teach him the use of the heavenly sailing chart to guide his dear soul over the sea of time and to safe anchor on the shore of eternity. They teach him we are all sinners, but that the loving Saviour loved us so well that He died to pay the penalty of our sins; so we are to repent, or be so sorry for sin as to prayerfully try to stop sinning. They teach him that to know and do the will of our Father is the greatest of all lessons; that to so pray "Thy will be done," that we will actively do and patiently suffer that will, is the key to peace and joy, both on earth and in heaven; and that every moment of delay in accepting Christ is a moment of rejecting the best Friend.

But even here the sailor returns more than we give him. He has



well been said when born into the kingdom of God, to be "born into it with his mouth open." He is not "ashamed of Jesus," as too many of his landsmen brothers are. He loves to tell "the old, old story" to all around him as soon as he has learned it himself. Therefore the kind offices of the sailors' missionary are multiplied by his spreading this love-light of heaven wherever he goes; and he spreads it over a wide field, now

on this side of the globe, now on that. Sure we may be that all we invest in these lines will be multiplied on a ratio of increase which human arithmetic is too poor to measure.

No soul or body saving work on earth pays better on the investment of time and money than that put in for the sailor. Finally, all we thus do for the sailor is for One who has done infinitely more for us.

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE MAIN TOP.

BY THE REV. H. T. MILLER.

I had an old friend who had been a first-class petty officer on board a man-o'-war, but had coiled up his ropes and lived on his pension.

We sat on a bench on the shore, and he asked me one day how many words I could make out of the word "main." I gave him a few and asked him to give me the benefit of his wider knowledge.

"I was captain of the maintop and had a good crew. Sometimes the flap of the topsail would give us a slap and make us hold on, but it was pleasant on the whole in times of peace. I like the word 'main,' for it means something powerful and mighty. On a man-o'-war it is the strongest mast, and the other masts are dependent on it. The mizzen and the foremast would be poorly off without it. Sometimes I turn these old things to good account, and this is the way I do it: Is not my Master the main-man? Standing in the centre, other masts and things deriving their support from Him, is He not to be depended on at all times?"

The mainstay; this is the stoutest rope in the ship, because when she pitches, and lifts her head over a mighty sea, unless the mainstay was there, the mast would not be there long. So is my Master mainstay to me; head winds, rough seas, hard temptations, what would I do without my mainstay?

"Main-yard; it is beautiful to see this, the largest spar above the deck, stretching out its arms in prayer, bidding welcome to the winds of heaven. Without the main-yard, all other yards would be useless, for though they are above it, yet they are dependent on it. So let me open my arms and cry

Come, winds of heaven and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace.

"Main-tack; this is the corner of the sail on the weather side, inviting the fresh new breeze, strongly made fast; faithful to its mission, it fills all the sail with its attention to duty; it ever cries onward!

"Main-sheet; this holds the

corner on the lee side, and the sail would be no sail without it; no speed and no beauty. It is fine to see a sail full of wind. How dependent am I on the faithfulness and constant care of the most High!

I can only spread the sail,  
Thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

"I could go on, but will trouble you with only one word more:

"Main-land; a dear old ship-mate used to say to me 'Keep the main-land aboard,' and I have

been trying. Oh, the main-land of heaven, its mountains, streams, forests, cities, as sweet as it is lasting, the inhabitants shall never say I am sick, they that dwell therein are forgiven their iniquity."

I saw a dear old pilgrim die. I said "How is it." "Land ho!" Then a little after, "How now." "Rounding the point"; and a little while after with wonderful strength for a last utterance, "Let go the anchor."

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### THE STORY OF A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

The following remarkable story of a prolonged struggle against death is well illustrative of the power of human endurance under conditions of the most exhausting and terrifying nature. The far-reaching rays of the Nore Light have revealed many a grim sea tragedy, a meagre account of which has perhaps reached the outside world in the form of a newspaper paragraph, hastily scanned and quickly forgotten by all but the small circle of mourners immediately concerned. Even the families so suddenly bereaved are seldom acquainted with the details of such disasters. The Thames estuary by night, alive with huge craft hurrying hither and thither to the weird accompaniment of shrieking fog-horns and moaning sirens, bears an evil name even among those who are best acquainted with its treacherous mud banks and crowded channels. A glance at the wreck-chart will prove that this sinister reputation is by no means unfounded. The section delineating the shores of Sheppey Isle is covered with a multitude of black dots, each dot

representing a shipwreck, and each shipwreck probably the loss of several human lives. Yet, in spite of this gruesome official record, how little is known of the ghastly details which have for ever lost their identity behind a tiny black mark representing the sum total of each disaster!

On the wreck-chart of the year 1889 one of these marks appears at a spot situated some three miles below the Nore Lightship, and four from the shores of Sheppey. The melancholy history of that particular dot has for many years been known only to the fishing population of Leigh; but having obtained full particulars of the tragedy from one of the chief actors, the writer is now in a position to relate the story to the reading public for the first time.

On the evening of October 4, 1889, George and Alfred Cotgrove were engaged in trawling for soles near the spot already described. Daylight was fading rapidly, and the black clouds overhead, moving swiftly before a strong south-westerly wind, indicated to the practised eyes of the fishermen the



prospect of a dark night and "dirty weather." But their craft—one of the famous Leigh "bawleys"—had weathered many a fierce gale before, and her navigators—hereditary sailors, as all the Leigh fishermen are—were conscious of no presentiment of danger as darkness fell; and No. 416, catching the foam-crested waves on her weather bow, drove the spray aft in blinding showers. Sailing close to the wind, with topsail stowed and two reefs in her mainsail, the sturdy little craft made light of the gathering storm; and having taken those precautions which are the second nature of every born sailor, the brothers had no foreboding of the appalling disaster which came so suddenly upon them.

It was at 7 p. m. that the wind, veering suddenly round from the south-west to north-east, struck the boat and heeled her over to such an extent that the water rushed into the open hatchways. The squall was so unexpected, and the change of the wind so sudden and complete, that the boat was flung on her beam-ends before a single step could be taken to avert the calamity. At the fatal moment George was steering, while Alfred was engaged with some tackle on the weather-deck.

George Cotgrove had only time to cry out "Oh dear, Alf!" before a wave, breaking aboard the swamping craft, swept him into the dark waters astern.

With that last despairing cry still ringing in his ears, Alfred made a frantic effort to lower the mainsail, calling loudly to his brother at the same time. But George Cotgrove had now passed beyond human aid, and the weather-beaten "bawley" was sinking rapidly. The tiny boat which hung

astern had gone down, and just before the larger craft made her final plunge beneath the seething waves Alfred Cotgrove realized that his only hope lay in the direction of the topmast. Acting on the inspiration of the moment, he made a superhuman effort to reach the summit of the mast before the "bawley" sunk. Not a second too soon his fingers clutched the few inches of iron forming a tiny "staff" for the flag which decorates the masthead on "regatta day" and festive occasions. No. 416 sank at the same moment. The tide had just commenced to flow, and some fifteen feet of the topmast remained above water.

Cotgrove was now safe for awhile, but his position was terrible to contemplate. A rising tide and a raging sea lay beneath his feet; a stormy and starless sky overhead. The night was pitch black and bitterly cold. Claspings the iron staff with both hands, and clinging to the slender topmast with crossed knees, the unhappy man realised that he would probably be swept into eternity at high water, and that, even if the tide should turn without reaching him, eleven or twelve hours would elapse before the first streak of day might reveal his desperate position to the crew of some passing craft.

Ever and anon the lights of some outward or homeward bound vessel would gleam mockingly through the darkness for awhile, only to disappear eventually into the shadows beyond with a hoarse groan which seemed but an exaggerated echo of his own passionate cries for help. The human voice was entirely lost amid the din of shrieking wind and raging water; nothing but a cry of warning produced by lungs of steel could make itself audible on such a night.

Yet, in spite of the futility of attempting to attract attention in this way, Cotgrove continued to shout until his voice failed him entirely and he was unable to hear his own cries.

So the hours dragged by, each an eternity of suspense and suffering. And the remorseless tide rose, inch by inch, until the higher waves actually broke over the feet of the man who was so nearly within their reach, and the icy spray stung his face like sleet.

"When my voice was completely gone," said Cotgrove, "one of the boats belonging to our fleet came so close to me that I could have thrown a biscuit aboard. I saw the fishermen lower their sails and I stopped shouting, foolishly believing that, although my voice was quite inaudible to my own ears, they had heard me. But the sail had only been lowered for the purpose of hauling in the trawl; and in another moment the boat disappeared slowly into the darkness, leaving me well-nigh frantic with despair."

The tide had now reached Cotgrove's knees, and the agony he endured as wave after wave swept over his body can neither be fully imagined nor described. The most hideous nightmare that a distorted imagination can conceive loses all its horrors before the kindly light of day, and can only be described by the sufferer, in all its gruesome detail, within a few moments of its occurrence. It is impossible for a man adequately to describe the sufferings of another, and it is an equally hopeless task for the sufferer himself to convey to another mind the multitude of sensations which have crowded themselves into the one supreme moment of a lifetime.

We can only imagine a frail hu-

man form clinging desperately to a few feet of mast, amidst a wilderness of white-crested billows. We can understand the hopelessness of such a situation, intensified by the horrors of darkness and uncertainty. But the most emotional or imaginative reader would fail to comprehend a tithe of the mental torture endured by this man during a single minute of that protracted struggle for life. Cotgrove was clinging to the summit of the mast of Bawley No. 416 for thirteen hours.

For the first five hours the tide rose steadily; but it was at the expiration of the fifth hour that the strangest and most thrilling scene of this drama of darkness was enacted. With the icy cold waves actually lapping his waist, Cotgrove believed that the final moment had at length arrived, and he resolved to struggle no longer. Yet even while the fisherman, resigning himself to the fate which he now considered to be inevitable, was actually endeavoring to unclasp his numbed fingers, a strange gleam, similar to the flash of a search-light, illumined the broken waters, revealing the shadowy outline of a man standing in the boat hard by.

"For a moment," said the narrator, "I thought it was one of my mates come to take me off, although the attitude of the figure, standing in an open boat with arms outstretched caused me to tighten my grasp instinctively, instead of letting go. And when the craft and its queer navigator had disappeared with the momentary gleam, I felt convinced the vision had been sent as a warning. This conviction had no sooner entered my mind than I felt the sunken bawley move slightly beneath me, and in another moment



she changed sides, swinging the mast suddenly over in the same direction. The sensation of flying through space in that way was really terrible, and I was immersed in still deeper water. The change of position, however, was a certain sign that the tide had turned and I realized that the water would now begin to fall. This change occurred within a minute of the appearance of the vision.

The knowledge that the maximum depth of water had been reached inspired Cotgrove with new hope, and he resolved to retain his hold of the mast until daybreak. It was midnight when the tide turned, and the fact that some seven hours must yet elapse before the welcome light of dawn could appear was almost too terrible for contemplation. Although the water fell gradually away from the body of the lonely watcher, the cold of those early morning hours was intense.

"I kept holding on with one hand only, while I put the fingers of the other in my mouth to warm them," he said. "I felt no strain on my hands and knees at that time; the muscles seemed to be fixed in position, and my limbs were completely numbed with the cold. My thoughts were naturally of home, and what my wife would say if I ever got there again. I had only been married a twelve-month. My brother George left a wife and four children."

Daylight broke at length, but it was nearly eight o'clock before the fisherman, more dead than alive by this time, descried a "bawley" boat scarcely a mile and a half away. He tried to wave his cap to attract the attention of those aboard, but his numbed fingers refused to close on the brim. Scarcely daring to hope that de-

liverance was now at hand, Cotgrove could only gaze despairingly at the distant brown sail and pray that he would not once again be doomed to endure the bitter agony of hope deferred.

The "bawley" altered her course and approached rapidly. The weather-beaten form had been descried through a pair of marine glasses, and a couple of willing hands were already preparing to put off in a smaller boat. Then the sails of the smack disappeared suddenly from sight, and a few minutes later a little craft manned by two sturdy figures in oilskins bounded swiftly over the waves towards the partly submerged mast which for thirteen hours had held Alfred Cotgrove above the jaws of death.

When asked what had become of his brother, the sufferer could only point dumbly into the broken waters. And it was not before he had been carried below and revived somewhat with such simple restoratives as were at hand, that he was able to whisper hoarsely of the disaster and its miraculous sequel.

Strange to relate, the first "bawley" which came within speaking distance of that which had effected the rescue was manned by Cotgrove's father.

"Get under deck, mate—don't let your father see you!" cried one of the rescuers, addressing Cotgrove, who had crept on deck.

Alfred hid himself as advised, and his father called out: "An awful night, mates! I've had a barge run into me, broke my skiff adrift, and nearly sunk the old 'bawley' herself."

"We've worse news than that for you," was the reply. "Poor George's boat was capsized in that squall. George has been drowned,

and we've got Alf aboard here."

Such was the simple fisherman's notion of breaking bad news as gently and as expeditiously as possible, and it is far from probable that a man of greater culture could have seized a more opportune moment or employed better words for the purpose.

Alfred Cotgrove was dangerously ill for many weeks after his terrible experience. His heart was seriously affected by his prolonged contact with the mast. At St. George's Hospital, to which institution the sufferer was ordered by the local doctors, he was informed that the vital organ was actually bruised by the continued pressure brought to bear upon it. He also suffered greatly from acute melancholia and headache. Night after night the grim tragedy was repeated in imagination; and no sooner did sleep close the weary eyes of the invalid than the bed appeared to turn completely over, and Cotgrove would awake with the last cry of his brother ringing yet again in his ears. He has never recovered his lost nerve sufficiently to face the stormy waters of the Estuary again by night; and his mates, realizing this fact, have shown their sympathy in a practical way by purchasing for him two handsome pleasure-boats. On

account of the far-receding tide, however, these unfortunately afforded him but a scanty means of livelihood.

The body of George Cotgrove was recovered close to the Nore Lightship a month and three days after the disaster. A knife belonging to Alfred, which had been borrowed by the deceased a few moments before the boat capsized, proved the only means of identification.

Such is the *true* story of the experience of a *real* individual. There is not a single line of fiction in the narrative, neither is it the excessively "padded" or elaborated yarn of a longshoreman. Any of the older residents of our picturesque town will verify every detail of the story. Yet what writer of fiction would be bold enough to place one of his characters in the position of Alfred Cotgrove for a like period! Or what novelist would dare to afflict his hero with so unique a complaint as a bruised heart!

The ordinary novelist is always hampered by the restrictions of probability and precedent. The dealer in fact fortunately enjoys an absolutely free hand in this respect.—*Geo. A. Best, in Toilers of the Deep.*

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### THE SHIP CARPENTER'S STORY.

I was a carpenter on board the bark *Paragon*. I had made a voyage from Ceylon to Melbourne. Among the few passengers who came on board was a fine gentlemanly fellow, who had evidently been in the army. He had with him a dog, which I took to at once, for it was an affectionate little thing and full of playful tricks.

We found out after a time that the young man had been discharged from the army; and it was whispered he had been sent away in disgrace. The reason was shortly evident. His visits to the steward were very frequent, and sometimes, when we were having the grog, he would come along, trying to steady himself by holding on to



the ropes and rails, and would look with greedy eye at our drink. After a time he would come regularly to the fore part of the ship, and once he suggested to the sailors that they should give him a draught from their allowance of spirits. Our fellows were a good-natured set and did not need a second hint. The fact was he had run short of money, and his craving for drink was bigger; hence he sponged on us poor sailors.

One day, when all the passengers were below at dinner, the young officer, who had through drink neglected his meals, startled us all by rushing suddenly down the companionway. He ran up to the captain at the head of the table, and cried, "Save me, save me; your men are going to put me in irons." This was a delusion of his brain because of drink.

The captain, seeing it, said, "All right, my boy; stay here and they can't hurt you." Meanwhile he went to his stateroom for a strap with which he attempted, with the aid of one or two others, to pinion the young officer.

At once divining the intention of the captain, the officer rushed away like a madman, knocked down the cook who was standing in the gangway, and reached the deck, and then leaped on the rail. He had an attack of what we call the "blue devils." He stood there holding on to the ropes and jeered at us. We did not like to attempt to take him, lest he should fall overboard. We waited, and hardly dared to breathe, not knowing how to act. He seemed to sway to and fro. All at once, with a shout wild and loud, he leaped into the roaring waters.

The ringing cry of "Man overboard!" brought all the passengers on deck. Life-buoys were im-

mediately thrown overboard and the captain ordered the ship to be put about. The boat was lowered.

To our amazement the poor, intoxicated fellow deliberately swam away from all help. The boat followed rapidly to where his head was just showing above the water. We felt sure that the sudden plunge would have brought him to his senses, and that he would be very glad to be picked up and brought on board. We came near to him.

"Steady, boys. Here he is," said the boatswain.

We were shooting close by the endangered one, while the men had drawn in their oars so as not to strike by accident the head of the one they were striving to save. The boatswain had cleverly steered the boat and she almost grazed the man's shoulder. The boatswain himself leaned over and put out his hand to drag the poor fellow back to safety; but he dived rapidly under water.

He rose at length many yards away from us. Again we quickly plied our oars, but before we could reach him the second time he threw up his arms, and with a sad, weird cry sank beyond our reach. We suspected by the suddenness of his disappearance that he had been dragged down by a shark. We pulled about, but could see nothing further of him.

Finding that he did not rise again we could only go back to the ship. On board the young officer had no immediate relatives to mourn for him, but his poor little dog went whining piteously about the deck. After some weeks we reached Melbourne.

We had scarcely got to our moorings when numbers came on board to welcome loved ones arriving. Among those who came to meet their friends was a lady clad in

widow's weeds. She had but recently lost her husband by a carriage accident. He had been over-exhilarated by drink, and had driven too recklessly. Bright expectation was shining on the face of the widow waiting for her one, her only son. He would be the comfort of her widowhood. Long had he been away.

It was the young officer she had come to meet. She knew not wherefore he had come home, for he had not told her that he had been discharged in disgrace. She glided along the deck, peering first in one face, then another, hunting for her loved son. As she could not find him, she made her way to the captain, and asked him whether Lieutenant Cummin had come by that ship.

The captain turned away his head for a moment as if to attend to something on deck. He could not bear to change that face of brightness and hope into one of sadness and grief. He had not at first the courage to tell her the fearful tidings. She noticed his hesitancy. "Where is my son?" she cried.

There was a tender tone as he said, "Just ask the purser."

She walked quickly away in the direction indicated by the captain. Several turned a sad glance on her as she walked across the deck to

where the purser was standing.

A moment or two passed; then amid the hurry and confusion on board we heard one wild shriek. It was the sad cry of a broken heart. She had, alas! learned the terrible truth.

After a time the heart-stricken mother was taken down stairs to see her son's stateroom and things. When she came again on deck, she was carrying tenderly in her arms the little dog her son had cared for. She walked, or rather staggered, as one in a dream. Entering a carriage, she was driven back to her lonely home.

I have often thought of that saddened, blighted life in that far off land. Her sorrows had come from the lack of resolution on the part of husband and son to resist the allurements of that which is truly "the devil in solution."

No, I have not touched a drop of alcohol since. One other mate and myself clasped hands as we determined to forswear the stuff. Nor have I dodged the gospel as that young officer did when we were seeking him. Had I done so, I should not now be rejoicing, as I can rejoice, in the full salvation of my Lord Jesus.—*The Rev. Frederick Hastings, in The Christian Endeavor World.*

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### THE BOAT.

Of all things, living or lifeless, upon this strange earth, there is but one which, having reached the mid-term of appointed human endurance on it, I still regard with unmitigated amazement. I know, indeed, that all around me is wonderful—but I cannot answer it with wonder—a dark veil, with

the foolish words "nature of things" upon it, casts its deadening folds between me and their dazzling strangeness. Flowers open and stars rise, and it seems to me they could have done no less. The mystery of distant mountain-blue only makes me reflect that the earth is of necessity mountainous;



the sea-wave breaks at my feet, and I do not see how it could have remained unbroken.

But one object there is still, which I never pass without the renewed wonder of childhood, and that is the bow of a boat, not of a racing wherry, or revenue cutter, or clipper yacht, but the blunt head of a common, bluff, undecked sea-boat, lying aside in its furrow of beach sand. The sum of navigation is in that. You may magnify it or decorate it as you will; you do not add to the wonder of it. Lengthen it into hatchet-like edge of iron, strengthen it with complex tracery of ribs of oak, carve it and gild it until a column of light moves beneath it on the sea—you have made no more of it than it was at first. That rude simplicity of bent plank, that can breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea, has in it the soul of shipping. Beyond this, we may have more work, more men, more money; we cannot have more miracle.

For there is first an infinite strangeness in the perfection of the thing as a work of human hands. I know nothing else which man does which is perfect but that. All his other doings have some sign of weakness, affectation, or ignorance in them. They are over finished, or under-finished; they do not quite answer their end, or they show a mean vanity in answering it too well.

But the boat is naively perfect; complete without an effort. The man who made it knew not he was making anything beautiful as he bent his planks into those mysterious, ever-changing curves. It grows under his hands into the image of a seashell; the seal, as it were, of the flowing of the great tides and streams of ocean stamp-

ed on its delicate rounding. He leaves it when all is done without a boast. It is simple work, but it will keep out water. And every plank thenceforward is a Fate, and has men's lives wreathed in the knots of it, as the cloth-yard shaft had their death in plumes.

Then, also, it is wonderful on account of the greatness of the thing accomplished. No other work of human hands ever gained so much. Steam engines and telegraphs, indeed, help us to fetch, and carry, and talk; they lift weights for us, and bring messages, with less trouble than would have been needed otherwise. This saving of trouble, however, does not constitute a new faculty; it only enhances the power we already possess. But in the bow of the boat is the gift of another world. Without it what prison-wall would be so strong as that "white and wailing fringe" of sea? What maimed creatures are we all, chained to our rocks, Andromeda-like or wandering by the endless shores, wasting our incommunicable strength, and pining in hopeless watch of unconquerable waves! The nails that fasten together the planks of the boat's bow are the rivets of the fellowship of the world. Their iron does more than draw lightning out of heaven, it leads love round the earth.

Then, also, it is wonderful on account of the greatness of the enemy it does battle with. To lift dead-weight; to overcome length of languid space; to multiply or systematize a given force; this we may see done by the bar, or beam, or wheel, without wonder. But to war with that living fury of waters, to bare its breast, moment after moment, against the unwearied enmity of ocean—the sub-

tle, fitful, implacable smiting of the black waves, provoking each other on endlessly, all the infinite march of the Atlantic rolling on behind them to their help—and still to strike them back into a

wreath of smoke and futile foam, and win its way against them, and keep its charge of life from them—does any other soulless thing do as much as this?—*John Ruskin*, in “*The Harbors of England*.”

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### SAVED !

“She was a brave little woman,” said the second coxswain of the Porthoustock lifeboat as he rested on his oars within a few feet of all that was visible of the steamer *Mohegan* after her wreck upon the Manacle Rocks.

He had pulled me out in his little boat to the scene of that awful tragedy, and was telling me of the gallant rescue of the sixteen who were found clinging for dear life to the rigging.

“Fully three hours they must have been there,” he said, “and the waves must have washed many times over those who were lowest down.”

“And did you save them all?” I asked.

“Every one, sir,” said the brave fellow, proudly. “We had to anchor a little way from the wreck on account of the heavy cross sea that was running, but after some difficulty we made our connection with the wreck and took them off the masts, one by one, which was no easy task, I assure you.”

Seeing how interested I was he continued, “Amongst those we saved was the stewardess, and she was a brave little woman.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well,” said he, “when we had secured our connection with the ship she shouted to us, ‘Only tell me what to do and I’ll do whatever you say.’ ‘All right,’ we replied, and when the right moment came we shouted ‘Now, jump!’

and without the slightest hesitation she sprang into the sea and we pulled her aboard.”

Clearly the salvation of the stewardess was wholly due to her brave rescuers. Apart from the lifeboat a watery grave must inevitably have been her fate.

But it is equally clear that the lifeboat would have been launched in vain, and the dauntless crew spent their strength for naught, unless she had jumped from her perilous position at the word of command. A moment’s delay and she might have been lost.

It is with another, however, that we are now concerned, and that other is yourself, unsaved reader. It is your soul that is in danger. Any moment you may fall a prey to the wild waves that threaten to engulf you—the waves of eternal despair.

You seem to have a vague apprehension of some such fate, for do you not cling with feverish grasp to the rigging? To the rigging, I mean, of such consolation as you can derive from the thought that you have lived a moral life and refrained from gross and outrageous sins.

But to you there cries a voice of warning. He who is Deliverer and Lifeboat, all in one, calls to your soul. He bids you loosen your hold upon all that you have clung to, all that you have based your hopes of heaven upon, and without delay cast yourself at His feet.



"Now," is the word, "Now is the only salvation." The lifeboat is alongside, there is room for you, and you are urged to avail yourself of it. What will you do?

"Salvation is of the Lord," and of Him alone. Only by His precious blood is it to be obtained. "In whom we have redemption

through His blood." (Eph. i: 7.) But such is the value of that blood, that, guilty rebel though you be, the moment you trust in Him who shed it you will be cleansed from sin, (1 Jno. i: 7); saved from danger, (Acts xvi: 31), and justified for all things, (Acts xiii: 39).—*J. A. S., in Gospel Tidings.*

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

### At Stations on the Foreign Field.

#### Japan.

KOBE.

From the annual report for 1899:

The work on board steamers very naturally takes on a more individual character. A steamer's stay in port is as brief as possible, and work proceeds almost incessantly, Sunday very rarely making any difference. A large proportion of the crews, also, are Asiatics, so that it is impossible to hold any united worship on board. Still there is an abundant sphere of work here, and we have been privileged to learn of much good which has resulted from the quiet talks with both officers and men.

The new regulations require all boats to be licensed. The city authorities have kindly made an exception in favor of the mission boat, and have granted it a license without the customary fee. The small dinghy which was at first used proved to be very unsuitable for such an exposed anchorage; a larger native boat has therefore been obtained, which has the advantage of being much more seaworthy while not incurring any greater expense for boatmen.

Towards the end of September and in the early part of October we had a considerable number of men landed here with horses and mules when on their way to join the United States forces in Manila. During their stay well attended special services and meetings were held and several concerts were given by ladies and their friends, while tea and cake were provided each evening. The men gladly availed themselves of free stationery to communicate with their friends at home;

over two hundred and fifty letters were written at the Institute in the course of a few days.

On two occasions the Bishop preached at the Sunday evening service, at one of which an apprentice was received into the church by "the laying on of hands."

With an ever-changing community we cannot expect to see large results, yet we have been greatly cheered by letters which have been received from the relatives of seamen, as well as from seamen themselves, telling of changed lives and resolutions made to stand fast in the faith of Christ crucified.

We should like very much to see an officers' room added to the Institute, but at present the way to the attainment of that desire does not appear clear.

Visits to ships in harbor, 588, to hospital, 14, to jail, 8; services and Bible readings afloat, 56, on shore, 66; attendance at services afloat, 614, on shore, 964; administration of Holy Communion, 1, communicants, 6; attendance at meetings, 115, at concerts, 454; number frequenting Institute, 6,950; bundles of reading matter given, 395; letters written in Institute, 454; free beds to destitute men, 124, free meals, 62, besides those who have been helped by residents through the Institute.

#### Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

The Rev. FRANK THOMPSON writes on January 29:

The work of the mission is going on as prosperously as could be expected with-

out the *Hopeful*. The alternative use of the S. S. *Coquimbo* is the very best arrangement that could have been made. The loss of the *Hopeful* is felt in many ways and the general work of the mission seriously curtailed, but nevertheless the changing conditions of our shipping enable us to adopt different methods of work.

The German society in this port have just started a Sailors' Rest. For more than a year a German missionary has been employed to visit the German ships; he is in the joint service of the Valparaíso Bible Society and a Hamburg society, giving half his time to the German sailor work in this port, and the other half to colporteur work among the native Chilians, under the direction of the Bible Society. The Rest is for the special benefit of German sailors, but other nationalities will be made welcome so far as there may be room. The institution will work well for Germans, as they are, as a rule, a much superior class of men to our English sailors. As they can be trusted not to overstay their liberty they get the privilege of shore-going quite generally. Perhaps if our British sailors were treated better and trusted more, they too might prove themselves worthy of more confidence.

The American ship *Henry B. Hyde*, of New York, is here in distress; she came in here on December 24 with her cargo of coal on fire. She was bound out to Honolulu. Capt. SCRIBNER deserves great praise for getting his vessel into port against the most adverse conditions, and thereby saving his entire crew. For many days they, captain, officers and men, were all fighting the fire in the cargo, and a furious gale blowing all the time. Cape Horn is justly the sailors' terror.

The common sailor is a very uncommon man, and serves everybody well but himself. He has my fullest sympathy and confidence; there is no telling what I would not cheerfully do for him, and yet how he does disappoint me at times. But the sailor's worst side is the outside, I am fain to believe. We see now and then many bright spots in him which cheer us up.

Our Sabbath congregations on board the *Coquimbo* are very good, and our impromptu meetings in the fore-castle on the several ships are oftentimes delightful, never dull, and I hope fruitful for good. To know the sailor truly you must see him at home. The fore-castle is the place to make his acquaintance; there

you can get at his heart. This part of our work is growing in importance. I mean to push it on, and notwithstanding our serious losses the outlook for the mission was never more promising.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 2, all others, 208; religious services held on S. S. *Coquimbo*, 13, on shipboard, 18, in hospital, 12, elsewhere, 5; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 49, of others, 8; religious visits to hospitals, 15, on ships, 188, in boarding houses, 7; Bibles, Testaments and gospels distributed, 33, tracts, 340, and very much other reading.

## Argentine Republic.

BUENOS AYRES.

Mr. G. L. CHAMBERLAIN writes on February 10:

The services held in the Home are fairly well attended; once the sailors go, we can generally count on their regular attendance during the ship's stay in port. Our gospel meetings were suspended for two weeks owing to the great heat; over three hundred people fell dead in the streets in two days.

There are still a number of low boarding houses and sailors are treated shamefully by crimps. We can nevertheless be thankful that our Sailors' Home has ameliorated the state of affairs, and a sailor as a rule goes to the low boarding house of his own choice, perhaps with a little persuasion. Herein is the difficulty: most of the men who desert their ships do it in order to have "a good time," and go where they can have it all their own way, in fact the low boarding house just suits them; there they can get drunk, fight and swear. They think that the crimp is their friend and the missionary their enemy. It will take time and hard work to remedy these evils.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 13, all others, 650; religious services held in chapel, 23, elsewhere, 4; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 26, of others, 2; religious visits to hospitals, 7, on ships, over 500, in boarding houses, 3; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 20, and a large quantity of tracts.

Extracts from the annual report:

The loss in the working of the Home is rather greater than in the previous year, and the subscriptions show a slight



falling off compared with 1897. The committee believe, however, that the Home has been doing excellent work and filling an important place in ministering to the needs of seamen. The number of boarders is considerably greater, and though this has not added much to the receipts of the Home, it is a proof that the usefulness of the institution has increased during the year. The committee are happy to add that, since the accounts were closed, the financial position has improved and gives hope that, unless something unforeseen happen, the next report will be more hopeful financially.

Last year the committee expressed the belief that the new Sailors' Home would be in working order before the close of the present year. They regret that they were mistaken in this. Difficulties arose as to the site granted by the government which unavoidably delayed procedure, and eventually a new site was arranged for. The committee have reason to believe that the building will be begun at a very early date.

To the other work of the Home there has been added the services of a German missionary for the German-speaking seamen in port. His salary is met by the German community in this city, assisted by a seamen's society in Germany.

Mr. G. L. CHAMBERLAIN, the missionary and manager of the Home, continues to give satisfaction to the committee, and they wish to express their thanks for the interest he has taken in the work under his charge.

#### ROSARIO.

Capt. F. ERICSSON writes on January 26:

We have had more ships than usual, but their stay is very short and their articles are signed to pay their men off at home ports; we have had no increase in the number of boarders, but the mission work gives me always plenty to do. The evil doers have also been active.

A man that knew me thirteen years ago came here sick. He said that he had never had the same view as I have, but he found it was the best. He died with the prayer on his lips, "Jesus, save me." I feel happy to see how a Christian life is used to influence others for good.

Boarders in the Home during the past quarter, 72; services held, 37; visits to hospitals, 24; tracts and magazines distributed, about 2,200; bundles of reading matter given to sailors, 149; entertainments with tea party, 2.

### At Ports in the United States.

#### New York.

#### NAVY YARD.

#### SAILORS' HOME.

Capt. WILLIAM DOLLAR writes on April 10:

We cannot boast of numbers, nevertheless we are conscious of the presence of God. As long as we try to serve Him to the best of our ability, though sometimes in great weakness, He will bless our labors. As a general rule the sailors in the Home attend family worship daily and also the weekly prayer meetings in the Sailors' Home or elsewhere. Tracts are daily distributed to them about the shipping offices and on board vessels which have their crews on board. We are bountifully supplied with Testaments from the New York Bible Society which we give to all who need or will accept it free. We would feel thankful if some of our friends would send us a few comfort bags. They are greatly appreciated by the sailors and have been the means of doing much good, especially when accompanied with a warm-hearted Christian letter.

The Rev. G. B. CUTLER writes on April 1:

It is pleasant to be able to report a deeper interest than for several months previous. Twenty men have taken a very decided stand for Christ, others have voluntarily come to me, and in the spirit of tender penitence have confessed their need of Christ; others have asked for Bibles. Dear, tossed, homeless lads, God is calling them to come unto Him, and these young sailors are hearing His voice.

The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has indeed been, as an old seaman said to us the other day, "a mighty power for good on this Dock for a great many years." The speaker is now one of the crew of the receiving ship *Vermont*. The testimonials from United States sailors and those high in authority who know of these things are evidence of what the old sailor said.

We have spent no little time also among the Marine Corps at this station, at the United States Naval Hospital, among the

prisoners at the guard house, and the sick in the sick bay on the receiving ship. How the young lads and men appear to appreciate our calls as we speak a cheery word of sympathy and a Christian word of counsel and of hope!

Last week, meeting a group of newly enlisted young men who had just put on the navy blue for the first time, I said "Well, my young hearties, a sailor you would be," and gave them a little bit from my own past sailor life, ending by speaking of my work on the Dock, the hours and dates of our services. They thanked me and said "We did not know but we had got away from all that, but would be real glad to come," and they were all there at the next meeting. One of them asked our prayers as he wanted to begin right, now that he was away from home.

We trust that among Christians we may not be forgotten, and that prayer may be offered in behalf of this field of missionary service.

Capt. TAYLOR, for the past three years captain of the battleship *Indiana*, and who opened the battle with the Spanish fleet off Santiago, is the successor of Capt. MERRILL MILLER at this station. Capt. TAYLOR has already extended in a most cordial way his friendship toward us and our work, expressing appreciation for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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## Maryland.

### BALTIMORE.

Statistics of work of the port mission during 1899:

Meetings in mission: Gospel services and Bible readings, 365, children's meetings, 30, mothers' meetings, 26, boys' meetings, 20; total attendance, 14,407; meetings in shipping offices, 35, from gospel wagon, 128, at Marine Hospital, 22; total attendance, 19,682; men visiting the reading room, 12,022; men on vessels personally conversed with on religious matters: deep-water men, 15,691, oystermen, 2,756, at hospitals, 1,262; total attendance in Sunday School, 12,736, at Christmas-tide supper, 250; men conversed with on religious matters in reading room and offices, 1,247, lodgings and meals provided, 367; shipwrecked men assisted, 67; men given clothing, etc., 176; visits to steamships, 909, to schooners, 468, to

bay craft, 548, to boarding houses, 1,456, to hospitals, 77, to shipping offices, 67; letters written by seamen, 3,734, received, 870, delivered, 474, forwarded, 12; pages of tracts distributed, 150,700, papers and periodicals, 39,529, Bibles and Testaments, 980; ferry tickets used in bringing men to and from the gospel meetings, 993; funerals from the mission, 2; money sent home for seamen, \$228; men sent to Sailors' Snug Harbor, 2; personal letters written to seamen, including the navy, 245; two pair crutches given to seamen; comfort bags and hand rags given to seamen and firemen, 220; colportage and other books distributed, 461.

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## Virginia.

### NORFOLK.

The Rev. J. B. MERRITT writes on March 31:

This quarter has been about the busiest of my life; busy getting established in our new quarters; busy showing the sailors the way to the new place and caring for them after they have been gathered there. The results of these labors have amply repaid me for the effort put forth; the sailors have attended well and fully appreciate the comfortable surroundings and enjoy the religious services and the privileges of the reading room. Some have turned from sin to righteousness, notably among these was a sailor whom I have known more than fifteen years, who at a week evening service arose and said "I have determined to lead a new life," and from that day to this he has not missed an evening when it was possible for him to attend.

A few days ago a sailor who years ago went on several exploring expeditions, and went to seek gold in California in 1848, applied to me for assistance to get to his home near Providence, R. I. This done, after a few words about Christ, the best of friends, I said to him "have you anybody to take care of you when you get home?" He replied "I have good children and they will supply all my wants." He was the oldest sailor that has ever applied to me for assistance, and I was glad to help him.

During the quarter 1,187 seamen have been in the Bethel; 383 have been given bread and coffee; 34 have been provided with lodgings and a few have been clothed, and many helped to get to their homes.



I doubt not that a period of great blessing is in store for us; in fact it has already come

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 223, all others, 37; religious services in chapel, 48, elsewhere, 3; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 22, of others, 6; religious visits to hospitals, 90, on ships, 260, in boarding houses, 3; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 7, tracts, 21,000.

## South Carolina.

### CHARLESTON.

The seventy-eighth annual meeting of the Charleston Port Society was held on March 16. The president, G. W. WILLIAMS, in part said:

One of the most commodious Sailors' Homes in the South has been put in good condition to make the sailors comfortable, where they can spend their brief time on shore in quietness and safety. The Home is not conducted in the interest of any religious sect or creed. The sick of every nation are looked after carefully, and if they die they have a decent burial in our Seamen's Cemetery. The chapel, which was damaged by the earthquake and cyclones, has been carefully repaired. This outlay has drawn heavily upon our finances. Not wishing to encroach upon the legacies left to the institution, the finance committee have limited the expenditures to the net receipts.

Thanks are due and hereby tendered to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of New York, for its timely quarterly contribution to our treasury from year to year. The Ladies of the Seamen's Friend Society have for years done active and useful work in looking after the comforts of the sailor. They also have charge of the seamen's burying ground.

Chaplain MURRAY has proven himself well qualified for the position he has undertaken; he has done faithful work among the seamen and is quite popular with them as well as with the friends of the Charleston Port Society.

As Charleston is to have thirty feet of water on the bar, it is hoped and believed that her commerce will increase, and should double the number of seamen arriving in our harbor. It is earnestly asked and believed that the good citizens of Charleston will not abate their interest in this time-honored Society, which has, for nearly a century, done so much for the homeless seamen.

Extracts from the chaplain's report:

'Twas my privilege recently to visit several institutions for seamen in the city of New York. I was impressed with the magnitude of the work. It is indeed a great business. One institution alone has two lawyers and one policeman, whose sole duty it is to look after all the physical and financial interests of the sailor.

People no longer think anything is good enough for this class of men. The people who have to do with these men and who sympathize with them are trying to provide the very best, and with well-furnished reading rooms, attractive chapels and every refining and Christianizing influence, they are seeking to save these men for whom Christ died.

Services have been held twice a week in the chapel and, all things considered, the attendance has been very good. Since the 1st of October the attendance at the several meetings has been as follows: In chapel, seamen, 609, others, 1,018; in reading room, 1,882; at concerts on Friday nights, seamen, 746, others, 2,716.

Number of magazines, papers and tracts put on ships, 9,018; visits to ships, 693; visits to hospitals, 34, to jail, 18; English Bibles put on ships, 37, English Testaments, 37, German Bibles, 2 Danish, 2, Norwegian, 2, Italian Testaments, 1; temperance pledges signed, 30.

The reading room has been, through the kindness of Mr. MAHONY, refitted and furnished and in every way made more attractive and comfortable for the sailor. Unfortunately the room is such that it can never be of much service. It is too small and also so poorly ventilated that it is uncomfortably hot in the warm weather.

At almost every port the chaplain has a vapor or naphtha launch with which to carry on his work. It is used to visit ships that cannot be otherwise reached, and also at times to bring sailors in to the chapel services and then to take them back to their ships. Once purchased the launch will pay its own way. I am glad to say that some ladies have, very recently, been brought in touch with this work, and now they are busily engaged in trying to secure the money necessary for purchase of a launch.

The Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society is in a flourishing condition. The membership has steadily grown until it now numbers about twenty-five members. This Society has been of great help to your chaplain, in fact, he could scarcely get along without it.

## Alabama.

## MOBILE.

The Rev. R. A. MICKLE writes on March 2:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 13, all others, 55; religious services held in chapel, 8, in hospital, 12; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 10, of others, 11; religious visits to hospital, 7, on ships, 73, in boarding houses, 30; Bibles distributed, 1 Danish, 1 Portuguese, 2 English, and 2 Testaments, many magazines and tracts; 2 comfort bags; 36 requests for prayer.

There has been fully as much encouragement as usual in the work. The ladies of the Bethel Auxiliary had the stove pipes in the chapel and in the reading room nicely repaired. The Mobile Coal Co. donated coal. Mr. PATON had the walls of the reading room kalsomined, and the facings of the door and window newly painted. Many friends sent magazines and books. Food has been given to the hungry; the sick seamen were sent to the hospital, and a sailor's heart gladdened by the recovery of a P. O. order which somehow had taken a circuitous route to reach its destination. As for our monthly concert in Mobile, it is not at all presumptuous to assert that it always compares most favorably with any held in any other port in the United States, or, as the tars themselves say, in any other port in the world.

Also on April 3:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 22, all others, 87; religious services held in chapel, 9, in hospital, 12; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 10, of others, 6; religious visits to hospital, 5, on ships, 87, in boarding houses, 26; Testaments distributed, 18, and very many magazines, leaflets and SAILORS' MAGAZINES; requests for prayer, 22.

The monthly entertainment was a success notwithstanding the exceeding inclemency of the weather. The zealous women of the Auxiliary have never allowed an interruption in this treat to sailors on account of rain and mud for eight consecutive years. This is certainly a noble record. At the last concert the music, instrumental and vocal, was excellent, the refreshment bountiful, and the numerous comfort bags given by the King's Daughters were much appreciated. Two clergymen of the Episcopal Church, Rev.

MESSRS. BREWSTER and HOGUE, made stirring addresses on this occasion. A gentleman who has done many a generous deed for the Bethel, gave to the sexton a fine suit of clothes complete. He also had the several leaks in the slate roof repaired at his own expense. One merchant gave paper and envelopes, and another ink. We feel as if we were on the eve of beginning the erection of our new Seamen's Home.

## Louisiana.

## NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. JAMES SHERRARD writes on March 21:

We have a fair attendance of sailors at the Bethel in proportion to the number of ships in port, some of the men coming from Chalmette and Southport. The former port being eight miles from here, and they have to walk a mile to the nearest street car. Our work in the hospitals is gratifying. I talked with a sailor in the United States Marine Hospital last Sunday; he told me he had been a "backslider" and his Bible had been at the bottom of his bag and unused for a long time, but that he had taken it out again since he had been in the hospital and was using it. I encouraged him to slide in the right direction. I hold a service in the marine hospital every Sunday afternoon for colored men. It is largely attended by the roustabouts from the steamboats on the Mississippi River, who are sick in the hospital. They enjoy the singing very much and are very attentive during the reading and expounding of the word, and many of them profess acceptance of Christ as their Saviour and promise to live better lives. I have a letter from one of them who was transferred to the hospital at Fort Stanton, New Mexico. He says:

"All my pleasure is to read the Testament you gave me, and I am still praying and I want you to remember me in your prayers. . . . I am glad the boys all attend service, but I miss it so much. I have not seen no one to come and instruct us in the gospel yet, only one priest came here once and never did come again; tell the boys they are blest when they can hear the word of God every week. I am doing all I can to find the Lord in the pardoning of my sins. It seems to me I am lost, no one to talk to me about Christ Jesus. If I had it would be some consol-



tion. I want you and all to pray for me that I may repent of my sins before the time gets too late, for hell is too hot and eternity is too long."

An apprentice lately told me that the first mate of his ship did not swear and read the Bible every night before going to bed. I went to the ship, inquired for the first officer and congratulated him on the good example he was setting to others. I am trying to interest the officers in our work. I have postals printed which I mail them on their arrival in port. I have also cards with the same invitation on it, which I distribute on board the ships. The advantage of using postals is, that sometimes when you go on board the officers are ashore, or on duty or at their meals, and they cannot always be seen.

Also on April 3:

Number of visits made to ships, 202; invitations and tracts distributed on ships, 2,873; sailors using reading room privileges, 2,797; letters written at Bethel by seamen, 401; services held at Bethel, 16; sailors in attendance, 248, citizens, 178, total, 426; concerts and teas given, 14; sailors present at same, 897, citizens, 1,267, total, 2,164; visits made to hospitals, 24; services held in hospitals, 11; attendance at same, 121; lodgings supplied to destitute seamen, 582; papers distributed, 2,728, magazines, 653, Bibles, Testaments and gospels, 29, comfort bags, 25; meetings of the Ladies' Bethel Association, 3; attendance at same, 42. Contributions of reading matter for distribution among the sailors were received during the past month from many.

## Oregon.

### PORTLAND.

Mr. W. S. FLETCHER writes on March 10:

You will see by this report that our work at our new mission to seamen has been most encouraging to us in the large attendance of officers, men and boys. Our one great object is to try and lead them to a better life and to take Jesus Christ as their only Saviour and Captain, and I hope that our labor will not be in vain. I have been very fortunate in having such a man as doctor HAY as the superintendent of the mission; we are of one heart and mind in our work in

behalf of our seamen, and he is greatly beloved by all that come to the mission. May God put it in the hearts of our wealthy business men to sustain the great work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in behalf of our seamen.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 1, all others, 40; religious services held at mission to seamen, 22, in hospital, 8; attendance of seamen at religious services, 906, of others, 1,242, of seamen at family prayers each evening at 10 o'clock in mission to seamen, 1,787; religious visits to hospitals, 8, on ships, 158; Bibles distributed, 1, Testaments, 14, tracts, 2,803, books, "At Sea and in Port," 6.

From a captain's daughter:

"The boys often speak of you, and would like to go back to Portland. I am sure they will always think kindly of the mission where they spent so many happy hours. We have read your book with interest, and I for one feel better for doing so. I will always be glad that I have known you. You know I see very little of the men, but I hear a good deal, and I think you would like to know that A. E. K. has been one of the best men this voyage. He has been so very sober and steady. He has been sent home by the Board of Trade.

"My father and the boys join in sending kind regards to you. We hope you may long be spared to continue your work amongst sailors."

## Washington.

### SEATTLE.

The Rev. THOS. REES writes on March 1:

The meetings have been very interesting and well attended. I have not been well at all for two weeks, but they are well taken care of by Mr. FARMER; not one in a dozen like him, so true and faithful. We have had fifteen rise for prayers, four sailor conversions, and five or six who were not sailors. I was at Port Blakely once this month and as far as I could I gave the vessels reading matter. I long for sailors to get in the habit of reading the Bible. After they have taken Christ as their Saviour they become great Bible men. I think our seamen will be all steamship men. Last year at this time we had a number of sailing vessels,

but there is not one now and it looks as if we should have quite a traffic.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 14, English, 1, Japanese, 1; religious services held in mission, 33; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 6, of others, 49; religious visits to boarding houses, sick rooms, &c., 12, to hospital, 5.

### The Planets for May, 1900.

There will be a total eclipse of the Sun on May 28. The eclipse will be total for observers in a narrow path containing New Orleans, Mobile, Raleigh, Norfolk, Coimbra in Portugal, Alicante in Spain, and Algiers in Africa. In New York this will be a very prominent partial eclipse, beginning a little before 8 a.m. and ending about 10 30.

MERCURY will not be visible.

VENUS will continue to be a magnificent object in the evening, reaching greatest brilliancy at the end of the month.

MARS will be visible only just before sunrise and will not be conspicuous.

JUPITER will be visible the entire night.

SATURN will rise about nine and will be visible the rest of the night in the south-east and south.

URANUS will be seen as a very faint star about five degrees north-east of Antares.

Princeton.

T. R.

### Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by Capt. H. O. Appleby, Lessee, for the month of

MARCH, 1900.

Total arrivals..... 42

### Receipts for March, 1900.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

Sheffield, Congregational Church.....\$ 2 76  
Worcester, legacy of Albert Curtis,  
late of Worcester, Mass., per E.  
B. Stoddard, for executors,..... 2,700 00

#### CONNECTICUT.

Burrville, L. B. Marsh..... 1 00  
Chester, Congregational Church..... 3 92  
Colchester, Congregational Church  
Sunday School..... 3 35  
Litchfield, First Congregational Ch... 18 51  
New London, First Church of Christ.. 9 74  
North Stonington, Congregational  
Sunday School..... 6 00  
North Woodbury, W. C. Scott..... 1 00  
Stamford, First Presbyterian Church 25 00  
Stratford, Congregational Church  
Sunday School, towards loan li-  
brary..... 10 00  
Southport, Edwin Holman, balance  
for a loan library..... 10 00

#### NEW YORK.

New Village, First Congregational  
Church..... 1 50  
New York City, collections from the  
White Star line steamers, received  
per E. J. Adams..... 125 00  
Collections from the steamers of  
the International Navigation Co.'s  
lines, received per H. G. Philips,  
cashier..... 30 00  
Brick Presbyterian Church..... 50 00  
Tiffany & Co..... 50 00  
Serena Rhinelander..... 50 00  
Mrs. E. P. Hoyt, for libraries..... 40 00  
Holland-America line contribu-  
tions obtained on board their  
steamers, for work of AMERICAN  
SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY..... 35 00  
Wm. N. Crane..... 25 00  
Dr. E. P. Hoyt, for library..... 20 00  
Rev. Dr. J. H. Edwards, for library. 20 00  
Samuel R. Betts..... 10 00  
Abiel Abbot..... 10 00  
Capt. Robert S. Goodwin and crew  
of bark *Jas W. Elwell*..... 2 13  
Capt. J. O. Hayes of bark *Olive  
Thurlow*..... 2 00  
Capt. Kemp of barkentine *White  
Wings*..... 2 00  
Nyack, Dr. G. F. Blauvelt..... 10 00  
Southampton, First Presbyterian Ch. 38 97  
Troy, First Presbyterian Church Sab-  
bath School, for library..... 20 00  
Rev. Arthur H. Allen..... 2 00

#### NEW JERSEY.

Morristown, The Children's Mission-  
ary Society of First Presbyterian  
Church, for library..... 20 60  
Newark Charles G. Rockwood.... 10 00  
Plainfield, Miss L. Boorman..... 5 00  
Mrs. C. F. Pond..... 5 00  
Princeton, Prof. Geo. Macloskie.... 2 00

#### DELAWARE.

New Castle, Miss Hetty Smith, to  
revive library No. 10,652, given in  
memory of Mary Couper Smith,  
with the text "Surely goodness  
and mercy have followed me all  
the days of my life"..... 20 00

#### OHIO.

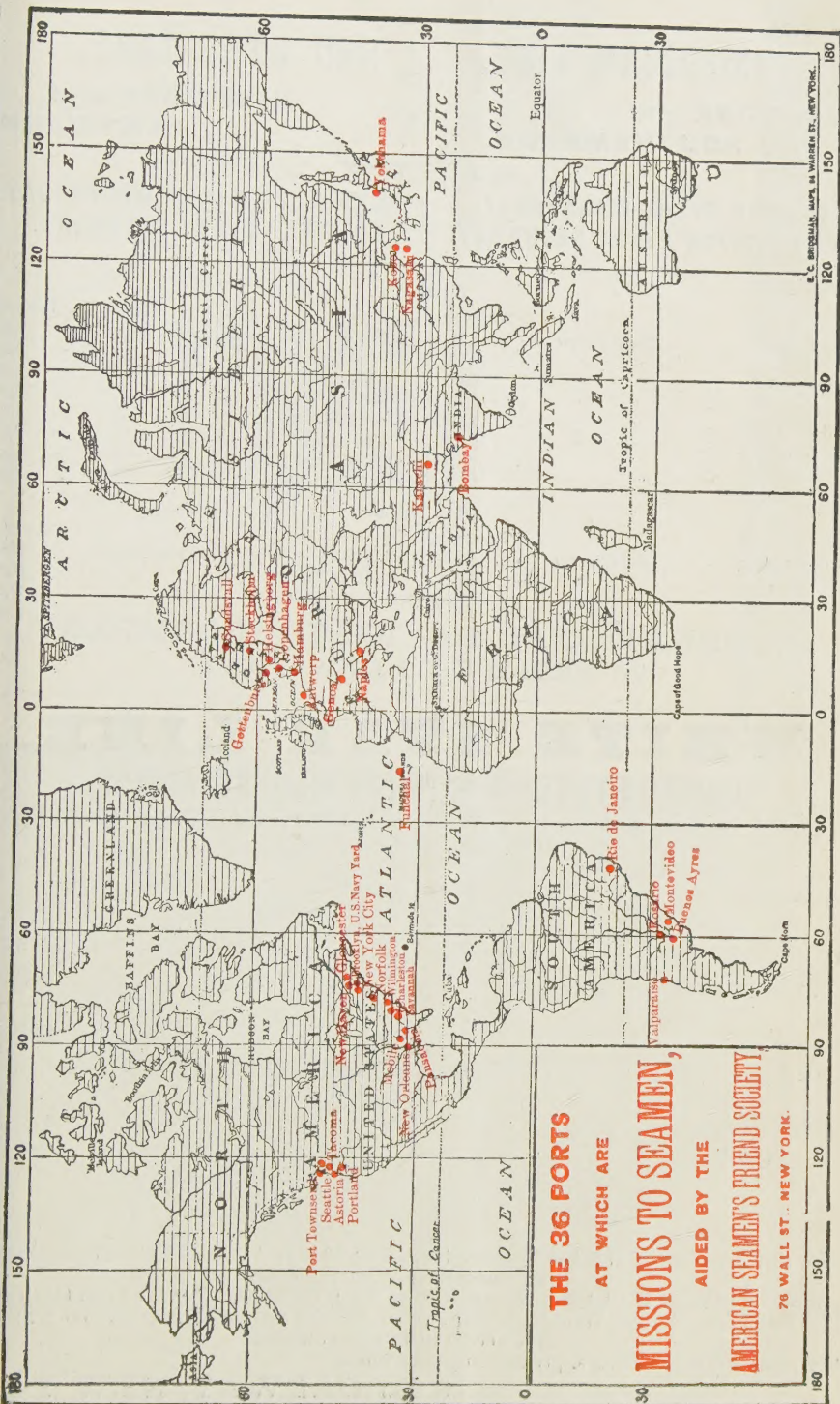
Dayton, First Presbyterian Church  
Sunday School..... 10 00

#### CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, contribution from the  
crew of the ship *J. F. Chapman*,  
for library work, received per  
Capt. C. O. Carter, master..... 8 25

\$3,415 13







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SAILING FROM

**NEW YORK EVERY WEDNESDAY.  
SOUTHAMPTON EVERY SATURDAY.**

**NEW YORK EVERY WEDNESDAY.  
ANTWERP EVERY SATURDAY.**

## FLEET.

				Tonnage					Tonnage
ST. LOUIS	-	Twin Screw	-	11,629	ARAGONIA	-	Twin Screw	-	5,400
ST. PAUL	-	" "	-	11,629	NOORDLAND	-	" "	-	5,200
NEW YORK	-	" "	-	10,808	WAESLAND	-	" "	-	4,700
PARIS	-	" "	-	10,795	PENNLAND	-	" "	-	3,700
KENSINGTON	-	" "	-	8,669	BELGENLAND	-	" "	-	3,500
SOUTHWARK	-	" "	-	8,607	RHYNLAND	-	" "	-	3,500
FRIESLAND	-	" "	-	7,116	NEDERLAND	-	" "	-	2,800
WESTERLAND	-	" "	-	5,736	SWITZERLAND	-	" "	-	2,800

## BUILDING.

Tonnage				Tonnage					
VADERLAND	-	Twin Screw	-	12,000	MERION	-	Twin Screw	-	10,000
ZEELAND	-	" "	-	12,000	(A STEAMER)	-	" "	-	12,000
HAVERFORD	-	" "	-	10,000	(A STEAMER)	-	" "	-	12,000

**INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,  
73 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

# WHITE STAR LINE. UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

Sailing every Wednesday, from NEW YORK to LIVERPOOL, calling at QUEENSTOWN to land Mail and Passengers.

**"Oceanic"**

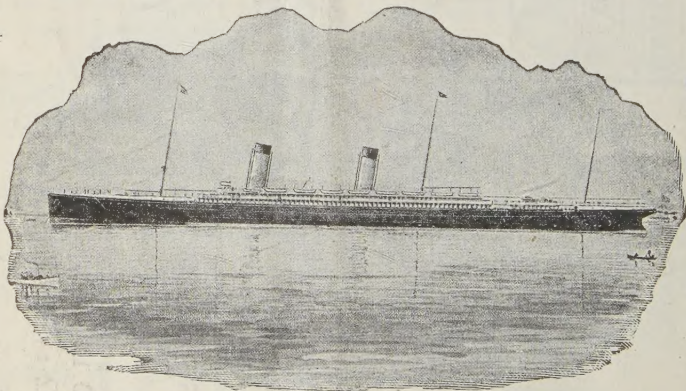
17,274 tons.

**"Majestic"**

10,000 tons.

**"Teutonic"**

10,000 tons.



**"Germanic"**

5,065 tons.

**"Britannic"**

5,004 tons.

**"Cymric"**

12,647 tons.

**SALOON PASSAGE, Winter Season, from \$50.00 up, ACCORDING TO STEAMER and accommodation selected.**

**Superior SECOND CLASS accommodation on "OCEANIC," "MAJESTIC," and "TEUTONIC." Rates, Winter Season, from \$37.50 up, ACCORDING TO STEAMER and accommodation selected.**

For plans and information apply at Company's Office,

**9 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**